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Waft on the wings of prayer his parting
sighs ;
Sooth his perturbed spirit with a tear.

Will you permit a poor, forlorn old man,
Within the shelter of this calm retreat,
To linger out his life's remaining span,
And lay his weary bones beneath your
feet ?

There, where in mournful sweep yon wil-
lows wave,
And seem, low murmuring, to chide
my stay,
With hallowed hands prepare a decent
grave :
But let no pompous rites insult my
clay.

Oh ! had I served my God with half the
zeal
Each word and action for my King
declar'd,
He had not left me in mine age to feel
The deep reverse mine enemies pre-
par'd.

Saved from the feverish toil for power
and praise,
More elevated aims your lives employ,
The silent current of whose tranquil days
Flows to the ocean of eternal joy.

While my resounding, rapid, headlong
course,
May to perdition's dreary gulf have
led,
Though nature's hand adorn'd the copious
source,
And vivid laurels by the stream were
fed.

Your massy gates, ye pious brethren,
close ;
No more for Wolsey shall their hinges
grate ;
Here shall his dust ere long in peace re-
pose—
His spirit flown to try her doubtful
fate.

T.

SONG.

WHEN will Clarissa deign to grace
My little rustic, peaceful cell ?
Three moons have crept with tedious pace,
And seen me on her promise dwell.

The beam of hope, serene and clear,
Returned with each returning ray,
While disappointment's silent tear
Fell with the dew at close of day.

Say, if too rashly I believ'd,
If groundless hope those lips can give ?—
Ah, no ! still let me be deceiv'd,
And on the sweet delusions live.

T.

STANZAS ; WRITTEN ON TAKING AN
EVENING WALK, IN THE SUMMER
OF 1811.

WHEN from the town's unwholesome air,
And crowded streets, I stray,
A summer evening, mild and fair,
To spend remote from 'fray.

The slumbering zephyrs breathe perfumes,
And fan with health the fields ;
While Nature's choir, in varied plumes,
A cheerful concert yields.

The flocks and herds, through flow'ry soil,
In gay luxuriance stray,
While smiling youths, with pleasing toil,
Conclude the tasks of day.

Yon lab'ring rustic's chanted song,
Bespeaks his true content ;
A blessing which to those belong,
Who no vain wants lament.

Th' enraptur'd eye, in every part
Of Nature's beauteous show ;
Prefers simplicity to art,
With its affected glow.

Thus Nature, in her wild retreat,
More true delight can give ;
Than cities, where the rich and great,
Magnificently live.

JUNIAS.

Bonemain, July 1st, 1812.

EPIGRAM.

A WAG, in a frolic, facetiously cries,
To a semi-blind gentleman demming his eyes :—
" Pray, sir, be so kind, as to give informa-
tion,—
Did a curse drive your other eye into
d.....n ?

JUNIAS.